

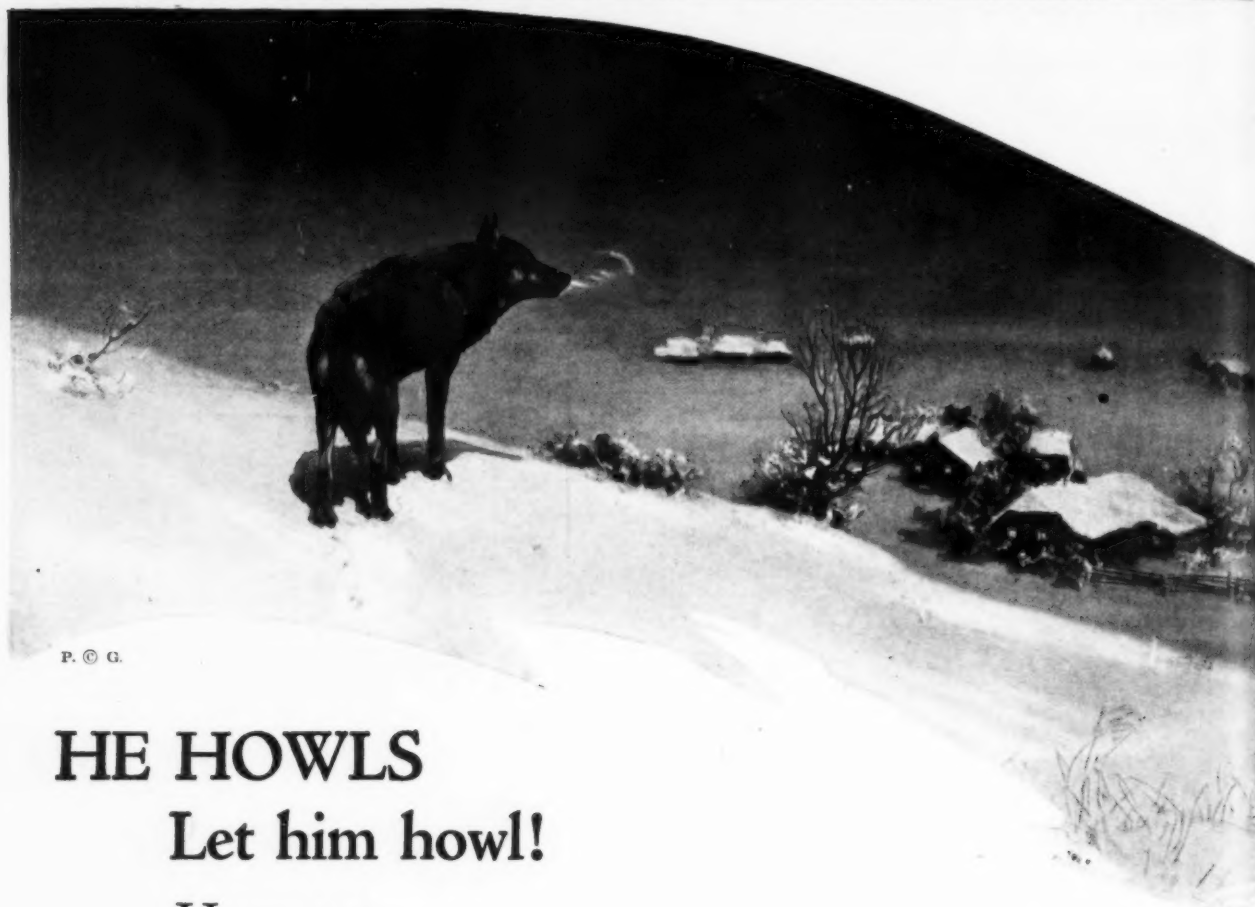
NOVEMBER 8, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS

Life

Armistice
Number





P. © G.

HE HOWLS Let him howl!

HIS name is Winter.

He lurks at the doors and windows; he preys on the health of children; his cry is the biting North wind.

Of the brave passengers on the Mayflower more than one-half perished before the first Spring—victims of his fury.

To-day no home need fear him. The IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE and American Radiators are perfect protection for the larger home; ARCOLA and AMERICAN Radiators keep the smaller home equally secure. So scientifically planned and economical are these boilers and radiators that they reduce the average fuel bill one-third and pay for themselves in the fuel they save.

Put them into your home now before the Wolf of Winter howls. And let him howl.

Will you spend 2 cents to learn how to reduce your fuel bill one-third?

Merely check the coupon and mail to nearest address.

American
Radiator
Company
Dept. 157

Send me a booklet describing a heating plant for my home which will reduce my fuel bill one-third.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Number of rooms in my home.....

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

104 West 42nd St., New York Dept. 157 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago



Each cigarette
stays perfect in this
package until you
smoke it

There is hardly anything more perfect than the cigarettes rolled by the marvelous modern machines with which all great cigarette factories are equipped.

That is, they are perfect when they come from the machines and practically as perfect when they reach the smoker.

But what about the final five of a package of twenty, after the package has become crushed in the pocket, and the tail-ends thrown crosswise and generally tangled up? Or how about those that wander out of the package into the pocket?

Twenty-five per cent of the once perfect cigarettes in the ordinary container are apt to end up flattened, bent, broken, and in a generally disreputable condition.

So, buying twenty cigarettes, you may get fifteen perfect ones, and five in various states of damage.

The new and improved Reedsdale container was designed to deliver twenty perfect cigarettes to the package whenever and wherever you smoke them. Number twenty is as perfect as number one.

It is, to the best of our knowledge and belief, the one package that preserves both aroma and form. This is because the inner air-tight wrapping is enclosed in an outer box that is light and comfortable in the pocket, yet adequate to preserve the cigarettes in perfect shape.

Suppose you try your first package of Reedsdales just to get this 100% insurance feature, and then see if the connoisseur-blend of fine tobaccos does not prove an equally happy revelation to you.

Popularly priced

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them, return the four remaining packages and we will refund your dollar. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 102 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Ready to Serve
A new cooked food deliciously prepared



HEINZ COOKED Macaroni

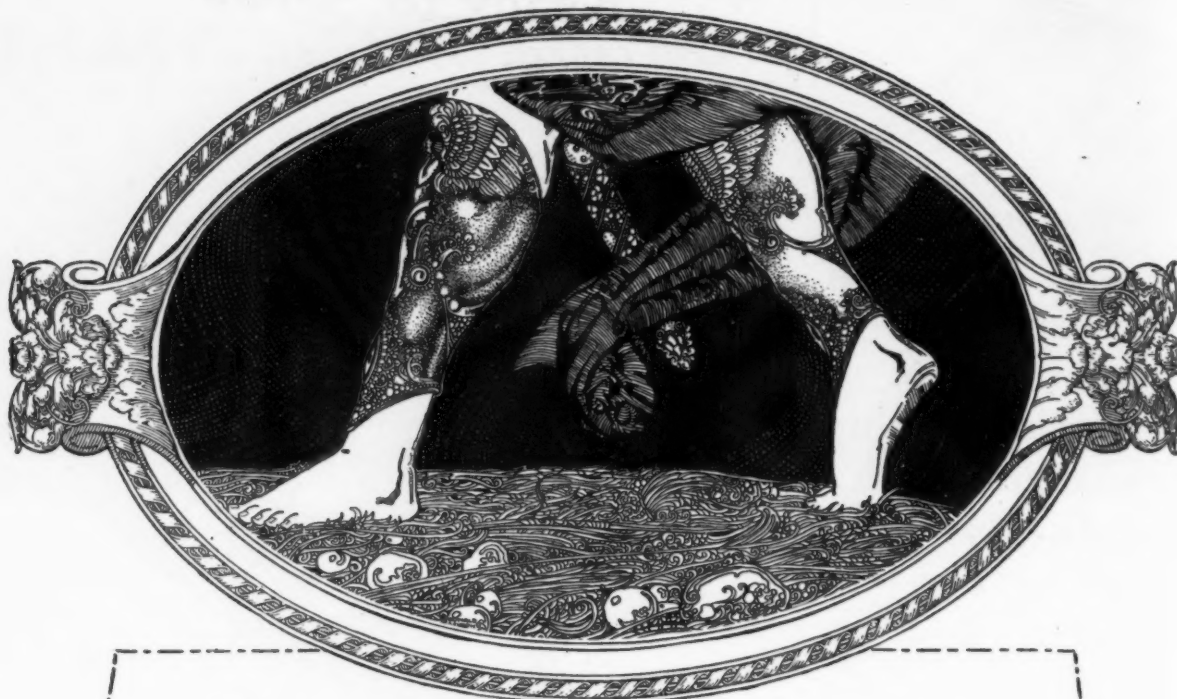
WITH CHEESE AND MUSHROOM SAUCE

You do not have to cook Heinz Macaroni. Heinz makes it and then cooks it with Cheese and Mushroom sauce. It is only necessary for you to heat it and serve.

Another Ready-to-Serve Heinz food

HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
in Tomato Sauce with Cheese

57



You wouldn't walk barefooted to your daily work, as the ancients did. There is a much better way

Then why cling to antiquated and outworn methods in your business?

They are slow, inefficient and expensive—wastefully expensive these days.

The big, throbbing, vital industries of America are quick to profit by the tremendous *saving power* of the improved Mimeograph.

In this day of speedy transportation, the Mimeograph is the most rapid means of transporting human thought to the thousands.

Great speed!

Five thousand beautifully printed copies of a letter, bulletin, instruction sheet, form, design or cartoon is its regular hourly

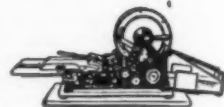
grist—at a cost that is almost negligible.

As a means of getting new business, of developing that already in hand, of keeping in touch with the trade and the organization, of printing the office and factory forms, of stimulating new activities that would be impractical without its help, the Mimeograph is a mighty servant.

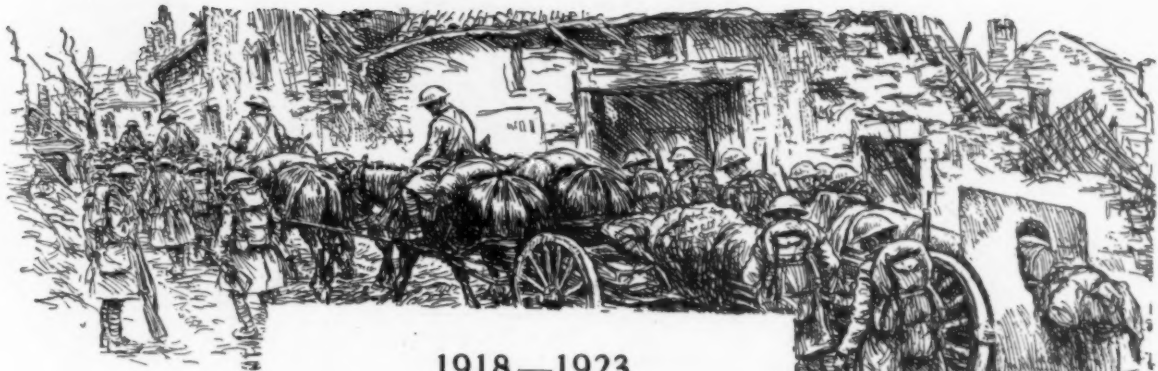
Private printing!

In many places it is saving more than its initial cost every month.

We want to make its many advantages to you clear and convincing. Therefore we want to send you booklet "W-11" right now. To the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, send your request today.



Life



1918—1923

DID I dream then that passion flaming white,
Sorrow and every soul-scorched, tragic day,
Five slim years passing, would no more be
bright;
Could I foresee the Sacrifice of Right
Flouted; and know forgetting is our way?



Where are the comradeships we swore to keep,
Sharing the jagged fragments of a butt
Through the harsh silence of a world asleep,
But strangely watchful; were they then too cheap
Or far too precious for the daily rut?

Those who went on when we have but come back:
Yes, I remember here and there a name,
Vaguely, and vagrant incidents that track
Into my mind; but all the rest is black
As that dead fire that yesterday was flame.

Those are forgotten save in odd regard.
Estaminets, vin rouge and that M.P.
At Bar-le-Duc, who thought he was so hard,
Yet linger; and though retrospect has marred
Her splendors, still I muse about Marie.

James K. McGuinness.



Life Lines

ANOTHER prize, of \$25,000, has been offered for the best scheme to insure world peace. The donor desires to remain anonymous, which means that it is certainly not Edward W. Bok.

⌋

What the world really needs is a safe for democracy.

⌋

Fires invariably follow severe earthquakes, except in California where they follow unconfirmed rumors.

⌋

The 500,000-year-old ape man, whose fossil was found in Java, is said to have possessed an "intermediate" brain.

He was probably the ancestor of the modern movie fan.

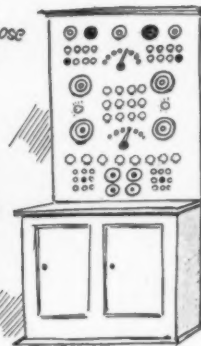
⌋

Bootlegging may be—as some assert—our second largest industry, but there are no signs yet that it has reached the saturation point.

⌋

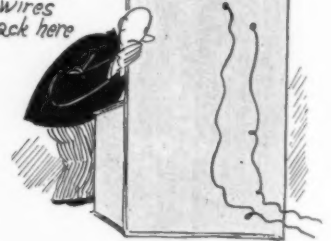
More than 6,000,000 board feet of timber have been imported this year from the Philippine Islands. In return for this lumber we send them Wood.

While the dentist is out, I think I'll see if all those knobs, gauges, and lights mean anything



FRONT VIEW

They don't! Just a couple of simple electric wires back here



BACK VIEW

THE UNBELIEVER

A prominent banker recently declared that only five per cent. of our population is financially irresponsible. Nevertheless, a great deal of oil stock is sold in the course of a year.

⌋

Postage stamps in Germany become obsolete within a few days. This gives the chronic borrower of stamps barely enough time in which to forget to give them back.

About this time of year, the embattled American citizen goes forth and sows his wild vote.

⌋

The United Brotherhood of Thugs has generously consented this year to do its Christmas shop-lifting early.

⌋

According to the law of averages, while rents go up, ceilings continue to come down.



First Lady Centaur:

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS INSIST THAT YOUR HUSBAND GET IRON SHOES?—RUBBER SHOES ARE MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE.

"I WANT TO HEAR HIM COME IN NIGHTS."



"PRETTY, AIN'T SHE?"
"YEH, SHE'S ALL RIGHT IF YA LIKE HER TYPE."

The Twenty-Dollar Bill

I LAID them out on the counter. There was a miniature birch-bark canoe which could be used for a pin-tray, three balsam pillows marked "Go away and let me sleep," one leather wallet stamped "Souvenir of the White Mountains," and a painted china dish for loose hair.

"That will come to four dollars and seventy-eight cents," smiled the lady of the Lavender Oyster.

"I've only got this twenty-dollar bill—" I began, smiling back nervously.

"I'm afraid I can't change that," she cut in as she handed me the package, "but I'm sure we can trust you, Mr. Simpkins. 'Maple View House,' isn't it?"

I strode out in despair and found a convenient well down which I could drop the bundle. For two hours I had been trying to change a twenty-dollar bill. I had bought enough groceries to stock a hotel; every store in the village had sold me a framed water-color of the McAllister Place; I had a pair of suspenders, two Kewpie dolls, a set of military brushes, and a feather duster. I was already trusted for thirteen dollars and twenty-one cents; and my bill was unbroken, scarcely bent.

"Two chocolate sodas and a strawberry split," I sighed to the clerk at the next store. I was a little dizzy already from the sodas I had drunk in the last two hours. "Sorry, I can't change it—" the clerk's voice sounded far away—"but that'll be all right; we know you." I staggered out.

By evening I was a little hysterical. I had run up some sixty dollars in debts, established credit with every store in the village, and ruined my system with chocolate sodas. I was not quite sure of what I was doing.

"Will you send over one grandfather's clock, three Little Jewel Gas Stoves, a set of Oliver Curwood, and an electric tractor to the Maple View House," I shouted at the top of my lungs; "as well as nine woolen bathing suits, a player piano, and the house and lot for sale next to the McAllister Place? I've only got a twenty-dollar bill! I've only got a twenty-dollar bill!" and I left the clerk staring, and leaped through the doorway and skipped down Main Street in the manner of a Greek Bacchanal.

"One to New York!" I gasped to the ticket agent at the railway station.

"Thirteen-eighty," he began. "I'm afraid I can't change that bill, but—here, Mr. Simpkins—I say, wait a minute—I owe you six-twenty—if you'll give me your forwarding address—" But the train rounded a curve, and I was out of hearing.

Corey Ford.

Sufficient Cause

MRS. VAN RIPPER: You're looking seedy, my dear. What's worrying you?

MRS. GAY-BYRDE: My chauffeur struck this morning for higher blackmail.



Better Never than Late

Pleasure by Night

SCENE: A supper restaurant.

Time: 11:45 P. M.

Characters: Two gentlemen and two ladies.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Same old crowd again.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

It's always the same.

FIRST LADY

There are the Millrocks over in the corner. Don't see how they stand it.

SECOND LADY

Night after night.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

And the Carrolbys with the Tibbletons.

FIRST LADY

Just look at poor old Lily Understone. She looks so bored.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Everybody's bored.

SECOND LADY

Who's that woman with Reggie Wilkins?

FIRST LADY

Oh, she's always with him.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

And there's Jack with Agnes.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

But I thought they were divorced.

SECOND LADY

They are.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Every one's here to-night.

SECOND LADY

Every one's here every night.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Suppose it's useless to try to dance.

FIRST LADY

Hopeless in this mob.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

And we'll never get a waiter.

SECOND LADY

Never in the world.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

But it's such fun, isn't it?

FIRST LADY

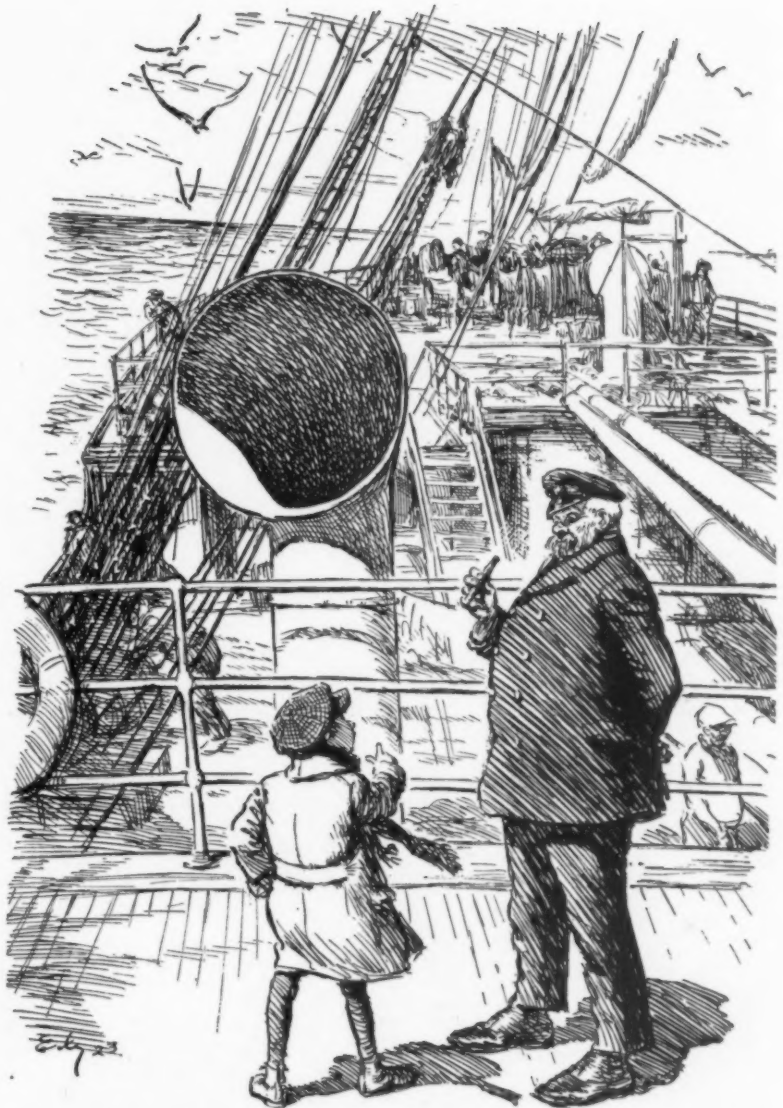
Adorable. I'm coming again tomorrow night.

SECOND LADY

So am I. I simply love to watch the crowd.

C. G. S.

WHEN Secretary Hughes recently asserted that "this is the day of the fleeting vision," he was probably recalling the night the telegraphic dispatches had him elected President.



The Boy (at sea for the first time): WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS MACHINE?
I'VE STOOD HERE FOR TWO HOURS AND IT HASN'T STARTED BROADCASTING YET.

The Egotist

WHAT a charming evening it was!

What superbly fascinating company! And for hours the egotist gazed about him and listened with the keenest appreciation. It was delightful, he reflected, to be surrounded by such engaging society—certainly a unique experience, and a smile of unmixed pleasure crept over his face. Never before had he heard such interesting conversation, such sparkling wit, such flashes of wisdom.

As the dawn broke, he rose and turned off the phonograph containing the record of his own voice. Then he slowly walked out of the hexagonal room, the walls of which consisted entirely of mirrors.

“WHAT are you so indignant about?”

“They fined me for selling whisky,” replied the bootlegger, “when it wasn’t whisky at all.”

All Things to One Man

THIS is how Nature stands with me. I'm willing to admit cordially she is grand, whether I am asked if she isn't or if she ain't. I comply instantly when some one asks me to view a sunset and I respond with an appropriate ejaculation or a silent tribute. I even endure it when Nature inspires a beholder to misquote some poetry about her.

But I balk—or I used to—when an imaginative enthusiast indicates a section of Nature and exclaims, "Look! How like a man's face (galloping horse) (wild goose) (soup tureen) (castle on the Rhine)!"

I say I don't see how.

Thereupon the enthusiast bids me tilt my head a little and look at the mountain-side through a squinted left eye. Now don't I see how like a man's profile (or a gargoyle) (or a cinnamon bun) it looks?

I can't say I do.

I must therefore walk two hundred yards south, turn around twice, wink rapidly five times and see if the resemblance of that rock formation to a bathtub or a café parfait or something doesn't instantly strike me.

I'm sorry, but I can't see the light.

So the enthusiast and I climb three-quarters of the mountain spirally, inspecting the natural phenomenon from

every angle. At last we reach a vantage point from which I am told, after taking a rest, catching my breath and easing my feet, to see now if that mass isn't the very image of a pterodactyl or an old lady drinking tea. Of course, if I don't see it from where we are now—

But I do—I do perfectly.

In spite of unfamiliarity with Nature, I'm getting to see more in her every day—and see it sooner.

Fairfax Downey.

A Hint to Hilaire

Among the bequests of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's will, recently made public, is the gift to Hilaire Belloc of a copy of Froissart (1524 edition) and a sealed tin box not to be opened for thirty years!

—Book Notes.

AND one's immediate thought is that if this canned stuff is fitted with one of those diabolical little key things such as come with the tinned salmon, and sardines, and boiled tongue, Thursday of this week wouldn't be a bit too soon for Mr. Belloc to get to work on it.

"I LOVE you."

"My goodness! What old-fashioned book have you been reading now?"

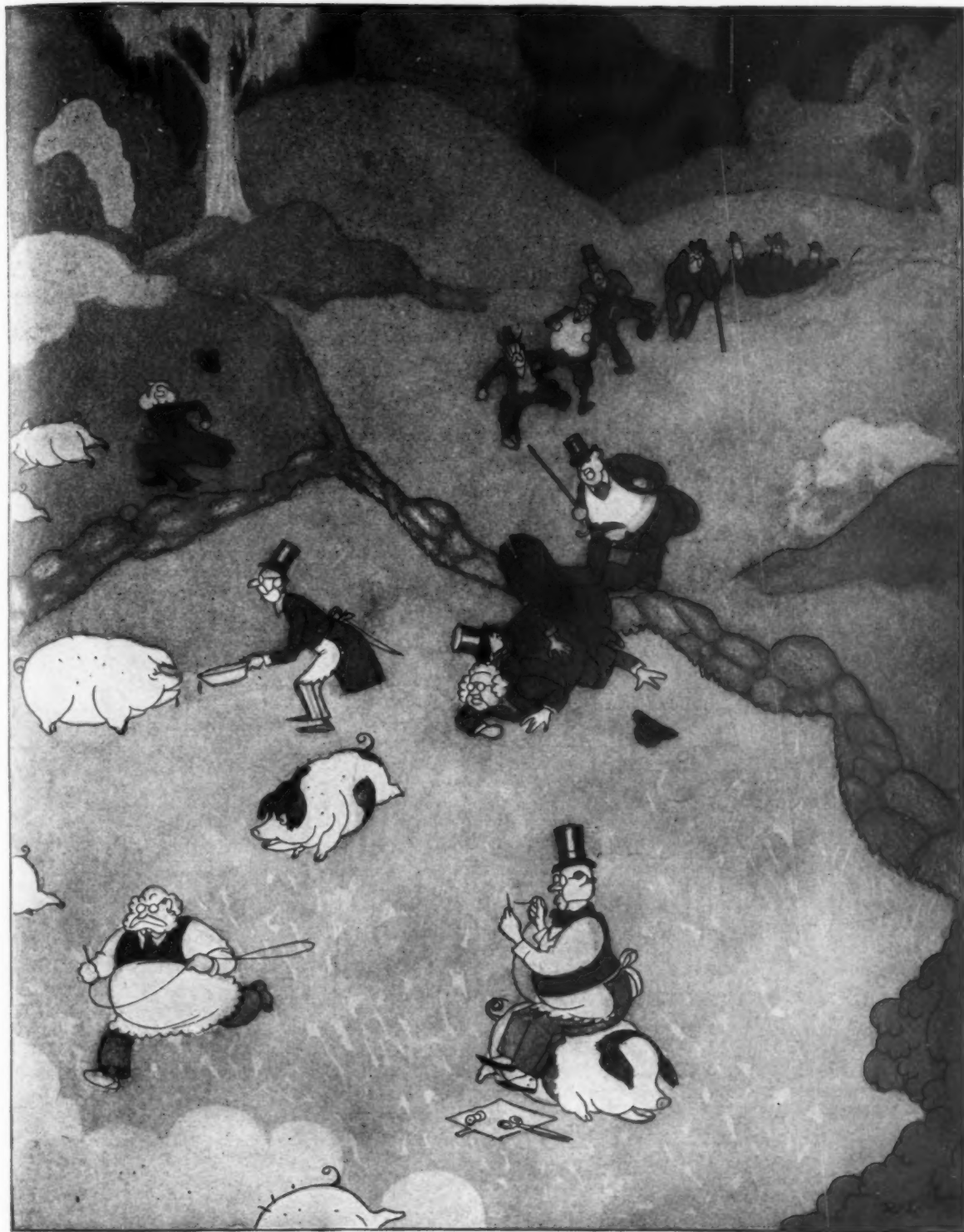


"YOU CAN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU HEAR."

"WHAT'S THAT?"

"I SAY YOU CAN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU HEAR."

"OH, YES I CAN, IF YOU'D ONLY SPEAK OUT LOUD AND WOULDN'T MUMBLE!"



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY TEST THE THEORY THAT "YOU CANNOT MAKE A SILK PURSE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR."



"GAWD HELP ANYBODY THAT SPITS ON THE FLAG TO-DAY."



"HEY, MA! DID YOU SEE MY HELMET?"

Keeping
Up with
the
Armistice



AFTER A LAPSE OF FIVE YEARS, LIEUT. DAPPER
DECIDES TO MARCH IN THE PARADE.

What Is Wrong with This Letter?

THE newspapers are always looking for trouble. If trouble doesn't come to them naturally, in the shape of wars, murders, fires or divorce scandals, they go out and dig up trouble in the most innocent and harmless fields.

For instance, lacking other valid means of stirring up discontent, the newspapers used to publish drawings each day with the caption, "What Is Wrong With This Picture?" It might be a portrait of a bicycle with no wheels, or of William Jennings Bryan laying a wreath on Darwin's grave, or of a Jewish gentleman renewing his subscription to the *Dearborn Independent*; there was always something just the least bit perverted about the picture. The solution would be published on the following day.

After this came a whole wave of wrong-doing in the press. "What Is Wrong With This Sentence?—*The man ain't going to take no chances,*" or "What Is Wrong With This Quotation?—*A stitch in time saves twenty.*"

Now a new trouble-making syndicate feature is going the rounds: "What Is Wrong With This Business Letter?" It is causing a great deal of talk in Rotary Club circles, and stirring up hard feeling everywhere.

Every day, on the page opposite the editorials, is published a sample epistle:

Mr. J. J. Burmiff,
81 Market Street,
Blanket, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:—

Referring to your correspondence (file 4480, mj) of the 30th ult., would say that I have taken up the proposed order for 1/12 doz. napkin rings with our home office, who report that they wouldn't think of doing business with you, you big stiff.

Resp. y'rs.,

ETCETERA

Then, on the following morning, comes the correction:

"Yesterday's letter is wrong for the following reasons:

"A. The words '30th ult.' should be changed to '30th inst.' as there are thirty days in November.



"DO YOU CALL THAT A WORK OF ART?"

"CERTAINLY NOT, SIR. IT IS A MONUMENT TO OUR BRAVE BOYS."

"B. The 'J. J. Burmiff' to whom the letter is addressed is in reality a lady; therefore change 'Mr.' to 'Miss,' 'Sir' to 'Madam,' and eliminate the phrase 'you big stiff' altogether. If you feel that she is deserving of some epithet, call her a 'low person,' but never go any farther than that with a lady.

"C. Don't sign your letter 'Etcetera.' Nobody is named that, and the recipient of your missive might suspect that the whole thing was nothing but a 'prank.'"

Robert E. Sherwood.

SOME men hold a good hand at Bridge, and some—are more successful in the moonlight.

To Leigh Hunt

JENNY kissed you. Well, what then, Leigh?

Wherefore such ecstatic trembling
At a token merely friendly?

Leigh, you rascal, you're dissembling!
Say she shocked you rather badly,—

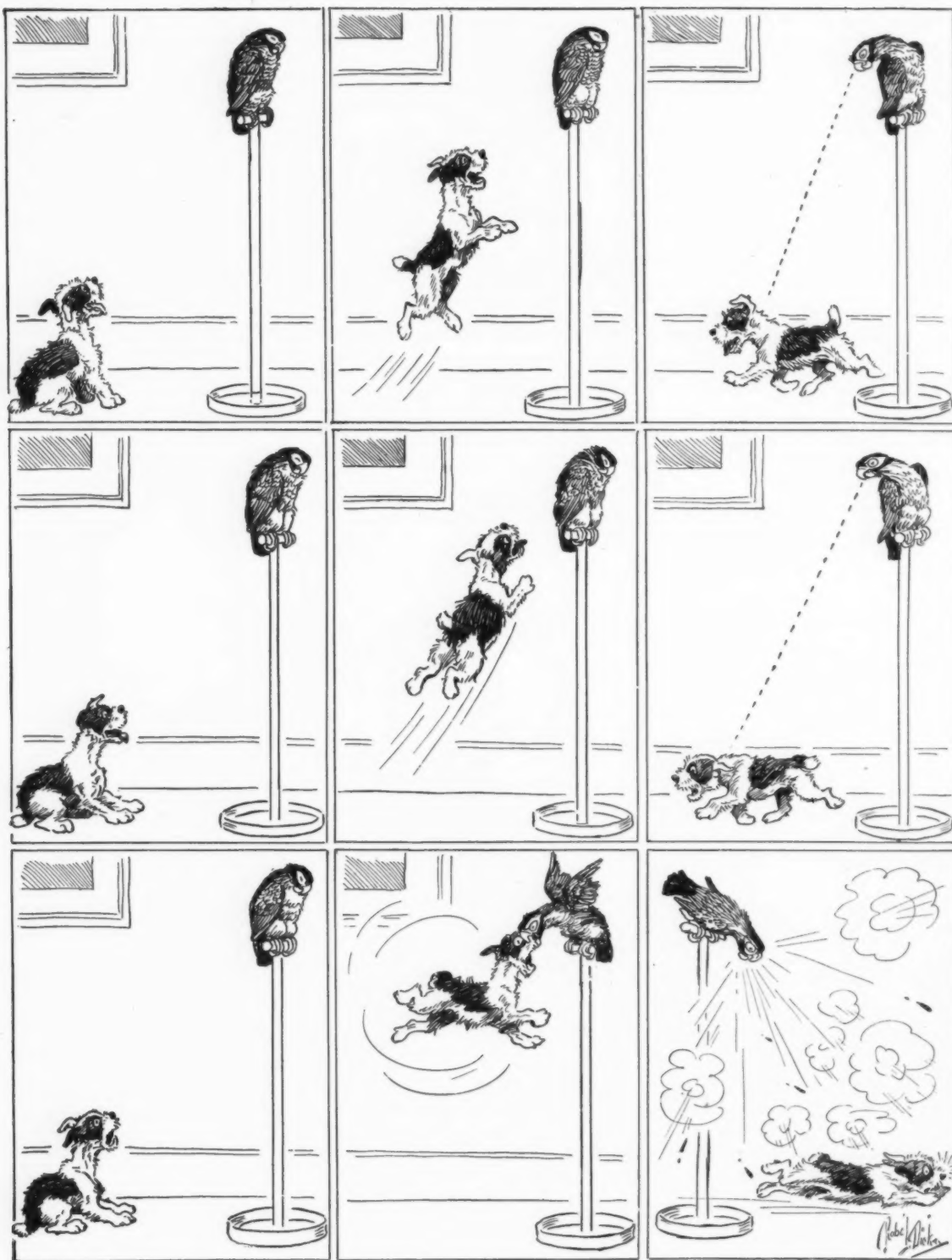
Kissed you—purred sweet words, if
any—

Say whate'er you will—but add, Leigh,
You kissed Jenny!

N. L. R.

TED: When Tom first got married
he used to fight with his wife. Do
you know what cured him?

NED: His wife.



THE ADVENTURES OF PEP THE POOCH

Mrs. Pep's Diary

November 1st Too ill to rouse myself and go to church, as is my yearly custom on this day, for I do love the hymn, For All the Saints. But Sam did chant it for me lustily and then did summon the physician to come and look at my throat, which he did, and rammed a wire spike tipped with cotton and an evil mixture down my gullet until I was at some pains not to strike out at him. Moreover, he left an assortment of malodorous compounds with my servant May and instructions for her to maltreat me regularly in the same fashion against his coming later in the day, and I can set down with sincerity that for tonsillitis the remedy is worse than the disease. Lord! why is it that all the medicines which work for good are black and vile-tasting?...Lay abed all this day, forbidding them to bring near me any mail resembling bills. Fell a-reading Heywood Broun's *The Sun Field* to take my mind off my misery, and marked that its modern heroine had in her library every important book published since 1900, and it struck me of a sudden that these advanced young women sound exactly like that—as if they had never read anything written before 1890.



Gallant: BUT HOW IS IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO TELL YOU APART?

November 2nd

Still abed, and the victim of torturers who basely try to convey that their anguish over the treatments is greater than my own. Nor can I swallow aught save with the greatest difficulty....The goods I sent to be tinted for hangings came home this day from the dyer, but it was not the pleasant mulberry I had commanded, having turned out a ter-

rific purple, the shade they twine with black and drape on public buildings when a great man dies. So I am thinking of sending it over to the Archbishop against the death of the next prelate, for there is enough of it to do one side of the Cathedral, and I shall have no use for the stuff, God knows.... Sam home early, to cheer me up, as he said, but Lord! he had not been in the house five minutes when he discovered some watered bottles amongst the new gin, and his goings-on would have adorned any horror sketch in the Grand Guignol's repertoire.



Boy: HOW MANY MILES DO YUH GET OUT'V HER TO THE LUMP OF COAL?

November 3rd

My throat some better, but the atrocities upon it continue, and my mind keeps reverting to thoughts of pineapple ice, which the doctor has forbidden me.... Kate Mitchell to luncheon at my bedside, a-telling me how her rich aunt had gone into the best jewel shop in Boston to buy her a gold vanity case, but had been persuaded to take a handsomely bound dictionary instead. And though the leather work be fine and costly, quoth Kate, there are the same old words inside, and we did both agree that she is the heroine of a tragedy....I do earnestly hope that my malady will have left me by Monday, forasmuch as I have an inordinate longing to get out and purchase a hat with a long fantasy hanging down one side.

Baird Leonard.



NOVEMBER 8, 1923

Vol. 82. 2140

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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IT is too soon yet to say whether Germany is really going to break up into separate states or not. One cannot tell yet, but this much can be discerned—that France is regarded with very dubious looks from this part of the world, and so far as appears from almost every other part. In New York a citizen, casting about by invitation of parties unknown to find a competent spokesman who should put forth the argument for France, reported that he could not find one. The men he wanted disapproved of France at present, and indeed our man-in-the-street is asking himself nowadays what France is really after, and how long she can go on as she is going, and what will be the force that will check her. That she will find it necessary, presently, to change her procedure does not seem doubtful here. Her present policy does not spell peace for Europe in so far as one can see. If anything it means more wars. France needs safety and she needs reparations. If her government is backing the movement for the break-up of Germany, the Rhineland Republic and the secession of Bavaria, it means that the hope of reparations is being sacrificed to the hope of safety and possibly to military ambition.

Now doubtless the dismemberment of Germany has support in France. It naturally would, but whether it has the backing of Poincaré and his government is another matter and not at all certain. Possibly these agitations for independent German states are part of a process that in the end will be helpful, and result, not really in Germany's dismemberment, but in a new German

union on some basis which will make Bavaria, Saxony and the Rhineland easier in their minds about their relation to Prussia. In France there will, of course, be a group that will want to destroy Germany at any cost, though it may not be, and probably is not, a group powerful enough to dominate France. To any such group American opinion is strongly opposed, just as British opinion is. The United States by no means wants to see the German nation pulled to pieces out of a mere desire to weaken it and impair its powers. German efficiency is very valuable for good. That it has great possibilities of mischief we all know, but we Americans do not want Germany destroyed because of those possibilities, and though it is natural that a group in France should want that, it would be entirely unnatural for any group here to wish it.



WE want Germans to be good and to prosper, and French the same. The French do not impress the bulk of us at present as being as good as they might be, but we are estopped from rash criticisms by the consciousness that our government has done little since the war to help the French to be good. We have turned down a plan to safeguard France and have left France to provide safety for herself, and even if she goes about it in ways we do not approve we cannot say much as a nation however we may grumble as individuals. So we sit by and watch the Rhineland, and wonder what will come of it and wonder if our government, meaning Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hughes, can find some way to be helpful in that dangerous situation.

General Smuts indicts France for breach of the Treaty of Versailles and entreats the United States to help again to save Europe. Lloyd George sends out the same cry. Colonel Harvey, speaking in London, declares that we are ready to help, but that the door is not open to us. "We are ready," he said, "to promote any scheme for the economic rehabilitation of Europe; we are ready to join in any conference which will promote the recuperation and stability of the world, but we cannot smash in the door."

We shall not need to. It will open to us presently.

Europe is under study and observation by this country as it never was before. Thousands of voters are concerned about it and about our relation to it who had no interest in such matters ten years ago. Elections come and go and are affected by the state of Europe. Something will come of it all; something that we will be a party to.



MEANWHILE we occupy ourselves with curious things. There was a prize fight and for about a week it seemed to be the only subject of American thought. Then there was a baseball series and for another week that seemed to gather all eyes. Then there was a horse race, quite exciting in its preliminary expectations, but in the event not so much of a horse race as people hoped it might be. At this writing there is an election in prospect and we may have some emotions over that, and then there will be football off and on all through the month, and of course, no one should take even a bird's-eye view of current entertainment without including the remarkable contributions of Mr. Lloyd George, whose great gifts of discourse have edified enormous audiences and made much more edifying reading than we usually get.

We have had some considerable mercies, too, as that the bones of the good General Oglethorpe were not dug up and brought here, and some innocent and grateful pleasures, as in the disparity of view on prohibition enforcement between Brother Coolidge and Brother Pinchot, both good men.

E. S. Martin.



A STUDY IN STABILITY

LIF



Another M

LIFE ·



Another Milestone



And There You Are

MR. ZIEGFELD having announced that he will produce no more Follies after this edition (please keep that child from laughing, Madam), he doubtless thought that he could, with impunity, cut this department off his invitation-list for the opening night. We fooled him, however, and bought standing-room at \$3.30, where from nine o'clock until two we stood and laughed at the people who had paid \$22 to sit down. This was very nearly the only laughing that we did, however.

Our method of seeing the show was to walk along in back of the row of standees who had arrived ahead of us and, when we came to a little triangle of light between two heads, stop and twist our neck until a good focus was obtained. Sometimes this disclosed nothing but a corner of the stage where there were no performers, in which case we ran along until we came to another opening. Here maybe it was necessary to stand on tip-toe. So what with crouching and standing on tip-toe for five hours we got very tired in the calves of the legs and very cross at the whole thing. Therefore we would hesitate to call it a dull show on our own responsibility, but oddly enough, we heard it called that on the way out by people who had been sitting down all the time. In fact, it seemed \$18.70 duller to them than it did to us.



OF course, it would be unfair to pick out the very bad things for mention here, as they are unquestionably out of the show by now. The eight-hour working law made it incumbent on Mr. Ziegfeld to cut out dozens of acts, and it is difficult to believe that he would still keep in things like the sketch called "The Bridegroom," written by one of our foremost visiting dramatists. We will do the handsome thing, therefore, and select those things which we were able to see and which we would keep in a show if we were Mr. Ziegfeld and producing our last Follies. (By the way, remember the elevator that Mr. Cohan was going to run if the actors won the strike a few years ago?)

1. The Amateur Night sketch, which came along about two o'clock on the opening night and even then was able to tip the despairing remnants of the audience in their seats with immoderate laughter. (Perhaps we enjoyed this most because we saw it from comfortable quarters in E-106, the check for which had been tossed to us by a rich friend after the first act.)

2. A Mammy song by Bert and Betty Wheeler, in which

Mr. Wheeler sings in heart-breaking tones with his mouth full of sandwich and his eyes full of glycerine tears.

3. All of Fannie Brice, except those moments when she is taking herself seriously.

4. The Shadowgraph.

5. Paul Whiteman's band.

There may have been some other good things going on during those periods when we were asleep on the grand stairway in the foyer, counting the floral pieces in the back-room, or next door at the Harris Theatre looking at a few minutes of "The Nervous Wreck." We did everything that night at the Follies except catch up on our mending. But when you pay for your admission you don't have to watch any more of a show than you really want to, do you?



IT may be that the old senses are becoming jaded, but as we look back on the three totally different plays, "The Dancers," "The Shame Woman" and "Nobody's Business," they all seem to have been the same. In all of them there seem to have been great stretches of futile talk on the subject of chastity and a great deal of worrying which could easily have been avoided.

(Incidentally, it is interesting to note that of the twelve so-called serious plays in town, nine deal directly and essentially with the matter of sex and its complications. With so much thought being put on the thing, it would not be surprising if the whole question were cleared up before spring.)

"The Dancers" is the most interesting of the three, probably because it has more well-tried dramatic tricks to divert one from the subject matter at hand. Richard Bennett helps, too, by being manly but not *too* manly. One of the terrible things about these virtue discussions is the men. One would think to hear them, as they stand up so straight and disapproving, that virtue, like Canfield, was won or lost by the lady alone in front of the fire on long winter evenings.

"The Shame Woman" tackles the old problem in the old way, which is certainly not worth going 'way down to the Greenwich Village Theatre to see done.

As for "Nobody's Business," it is one of those plays made by the Molehill Construction Co. in which all the worry could have been avoided by chloroforming the fussy young Galahad at about 7:45 in the evening. We might have liked Francine Larrimore and Frank Conroy if we had heard anything that they said.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Casanova. *Empire*—Highly costumed account of one of the Great Lover's amorous expeditions. Katharine Cornell and Lowell Sherman.

Chains. *Playhouse*—Dealing with the problem of making an honest woman of the girl. Good, unaffected writing.

Children of the Moon. *Comedy*—Henrietta Crossman in a play of moon-madness which is very effective at times.

The Crooked Square. *Hudson*—One of the really funny serious plays in town.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—To be reviewed next week.

The Dancers. *Broadhurst*—Reviewed in this issue.

Duse Repertory. *Century*—Matinees November 6th and 9th. "Spretti" ("Ghosts"). **Grand Guignol.** *Frolic*—French thrillers if you understand French.

The Lullaby. *Knickerbocker*—One hundred per cent. sinning by Florence Reed.

Sir Martin-Harvey Repertory. *Century*—"The Taming of the Shrew," November 5th; "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde," November 6th.

The Merchant of Venice. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Sothorn and Marlowe.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in the play which still holds its own against all comers.

Scaramouche. *Morosco*—To be reviewed next week.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—A stage-play about Paris, stably done.

Steadfast. *Ambassador*—To be reviewed next week.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—A genuine and interesting handling of what used to be a "delicate subject." Well done into the bargain.

White Desert. *Princess*—Intensive sex discussion.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Opened in May, 1922, and was immediately condemned by this department.

Aren't We All? *Gaiety*—Amusing British trifle, with Cyril Maude.

The Changelings. *Henry Miller's*—A notable cast, including Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton and Laura Hope Crews, in a pleasant comedy.

Chicken Feed. *Little*—Regulation Golden material, used this time in a debate between husbands and wives.

For All of Us. *Forty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge being cheery and warm-hearted as only William Hodge can be.

In Love with Love. *Ritz*—The entertaining way of Lynn Fontanne with her suitors.

A Lesson in Love. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Emily Stevens and William Faversham in something worth seeing.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. *Belasco*—What does it matter about the play so long as it gives Mrs. Fiske a good opportunity?

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Hilarious farce, with Otto Kruger and June Walker.

The Swan. *Cort*—To be reviewed next week.

Two Fellows and a Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Small-talk made amusing by some unaccountable means.

The Whole Town's Talking. *Bijou*—Grant Mitchell in rough-and-tumble which gets better as it goes along.

Windows. *Garrick*—A great deal of talk by Galsworthy on several subjects which aren't particularly exciting.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. *George M. Cohan's*—Richard Carle and Billy B. Van carrying a medium-grade show.

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—Showing

what you can get away with. Frank Fay and Harry Kelly work with the comedy.

Battling Butler. *Selwyn*—Not essential but bearable. Charles Ruggles and William Kent, with one or two good tunes.

Ginger. *Daly's*—Terrible.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—Some excellent specialties in a slightly less spectacular setting than formerly.

Helen of Troy. *N. Y. Times Square*—A good all-round musical comedy.

Little Jessie James. *Longacre*—Just fair.

Little Miss Bluebeard. *Lyceum*—Mostly Irene Bordoni.

The Magic Ring. *Liberty*—A great many people like Mitzi. Here she is.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—A gigantic

eye-ful for your money. And then Frank Tinney.

Nifties of 1923. *Fulton*—William Collier and Sam Bernard in a funny show which tries to be something more.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields make it worth seeing by all means.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—To be reviewed later.

The Stepping Stones. *Globe*—To be reviewed later.

Vanities of 1923. *Earl Carroll*—Good entertainment, including Joe Cook.

Wildflower. *Casino*—You can't lose if you like good music.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Reviewed in this issue.



NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE THAT WILL NOT SEE

Broadcastings

By Montague Glass



DON'T mind lying, but I hate inaccuracy," is a phrase much quoted by the essayists. It ought to be applied strictly to writers of fiction, for what is fiction but a series of ingenious lies, deceiving and intended to deceive nobody? Nevertheless they ought to be convincing, at least until they have served their purpose, which is to amuse, and no lie can be either amusing or useful unless in detail it is fairly accurate. Thus it would be an extremely charitable reader who could persevere beyond the first chapter with the fictitious adventures of an Irishman called by the author Patrick J. Rabinowitz.

However, most authors know that there never was and never could be an Irishman with a name like that. But when they begin to name characters of other blood, nationality or race, they come to grief in so many instances that the Columbia School of Journalism ought to institute a special course in nomenclature for novelists. Mrs. Wharton in her latest book names one of her characters *Ladislav Isidor*. He is a Levantine Israelite, who is fond of the ladies, and while most of the Levantine Israelites of my acquaintance were merely fond of their wives and children and a certain soft black olive pickled in oil, extremely distasteful to non-Levantines, none of them possessed the given name "Ladislav" or the surname "Isidor." They distributed among themselves the "Christian" names Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses and Aaron, and labored under the

disadvantage of such surnames as Mes-sulem, Besso, Ben Zimrah, Habib, Tolledano and Lisbona.

A short time ago, the prime ministers of the late Allies, France, Britain and Italy, met at the house of Sassoon the banker in England, and one of our leading editorial writers syndicated an entire column of beautiful allegory drawn from the circumstance that these moderns were discussing affairs of practical statesmanship in the home of a Bombay Parsee, a descendant of a long line of sun worshippers. The

Sassoon family came from Bombay, to be sure, but the allegory was based upon a mistake of fact, unless they've recently taken to worshipping the sun in the Bevis Marks Synagogue, London, of which the Sassoons are members.

* * *

SAN DIEGO COUNTY, California, shares with Switzerland the distinction of thriving upon practically a single industry—the entertainment of tourists. Nature has lavished upon it a splendid climate and beautiful

scenery, and man has provided the hotels and the opportunity for drinking and gambling at Tia Juana, Mexico, some twelve miles from San Diego over an excellent concrete road. After nightfall, this highway is thronged with a procession of public and private automobiles, bound for San Diego's prosperous *yoshitwara*, and everything possible is done by the United States and Mexican authorities to ease the passage over the border in either direction, for it is recognized by the business men of both San Diego and Tia Juana that respectability must have its fling, and the moral lapse involved is a trade to be nourished.

However, there are towns and villages in the twelve miles intervening, and the business men of these municipalities feel no obligation toward the tourist. They employ some of the roughest motor-cycle police on the Pacific Coast, who make no arrests for speeding. The traffic is too dense for that. Instead, the officers stand in the middle of the road and halt each car as it approaches. They then smell the breath of
(Continued on page 32)



"OLD GENTLEMAN WASHING CAT"

A STORM OF CONTROVERSY HAS ARISEN OVER THE DISCOVERY OF THIS HITHERTO OBSCURE REMBRANDT. DR. LAWRENCE M. ROLLY, ART EXPERT, MAINTAINS THAT IT CAN NOT POSSIBLY BE A REMBRANDT, AS THERE WERE NO CATS IN REMBRANDT'S DAY. IF THIS IS TRUE, DR. ROLLY CERTAINLY HAS A GOOD CASE.

The New-Voes Are So Interested in Art

THE New-Voes are so interested in art.

All sorts of art.

In fact, they buy it by the cart-load.

Every day they visit the Art Department of some large store.

And they pick out great heaps of art.

It doesn't make a bit of difference what it is, so long as it's art.

And they've fairly littered their house with it from top to bottom.

There's art all over the place.

The walls are covered with it.

The ceilings are plastered with it.

And it's on the floors, as well.

You can't go a step without bumping into some kind of art.

Every room is full of it.

There's a lot on the roof.

And it's even beginning to spread to the servants' quarters.

There's no telling where it's going to end.

Perhaps it never will.

Of course, they don't know Chinese Chippendale from Romanesque.

Or a Gainsborough from a Goldberg.

But what's the difference to the New-Voes?

They're so interested in art.

All sorts of art.

C. G. S.



"WILL YOUR DAUGHTER BE HOME FROM SCHOOL FOR THE HOLIDAYS?"

"I UNDERSTAND SHE WILL BE IN THE CITY AND WILL LOOK IN ON US OCCASIONALLY."



"NOW, QUICK! TIE THE ROPE AROUND YOUR WAIST AND I'LL PULL YOU UP."

Item of Ancient History

WHEN Demosthenes came from the pebble-strewn beach,
His eloquent words were a shock,
For never in Athens had such a fine speech
Been made on the strength of white rock.

S. K.

A NOBLEMAN recently engaged in a duel because he was requested to pay the war tax on a complimentary box seat. We have often felt that way on leaving the theatre.



"I'M GOIN' TO TELL YOU A FUNNY THING, TOM; I'VE GOT NINE
O' THEM AN' I'M A BACHELOR YET—AT HEART, I MEAN."

A Colossus of Roads

YESTERDAY I was crossing a street crowded with motor traffic. We pedestrians had the right of way, and we were doing the best we could. Before we were quite across, the stream of cars was turned on by signal. None of us had wings. We hadn't the leaping power of the sand flea to jump three times our height and cover one-third of the street at a leap, so we scuttled. At the curb I turned around, instinctively, to see how another man beside me had got out of it.

He was a tired-faced man of thirty-five or forty. He looked as if he worked faithfully at some common occupation. Ordinarily he would have been undistinguished in any crowd, but now he was standing with a clenched fist, half-raised, turning a look of burning hate after the car that had just missed him. The chauffeur smiled back at this commonplace figure, noticeable only because of that look in the eye and that clenched fist. He turned on his heels as on a pivot, watching that car as it went down the street. You could almost see the feeling of hatred swelling within him, and the dreams of power and vengeance rising like vapor in his mind.

Down the street a bit, I involuntarily turned and looked back, and then it seemed to me I saw a most amazing sight. It was as if that man's resentment had, through a sudden magic power, changed him, and before I knew it,

he was standing towering above the stream of traffic, like a Brobdingnagian, a giant, tall as a twelve-story building, a sort of Colossus.

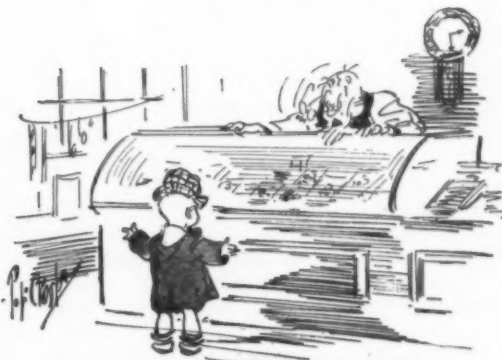
There he stood in the same habit, with the same hands; only his face with that look in the eyes now took on a fearful aspect. Instantly he began to reach down, and he took up the cars as you might pick up a toy locomotive in the nursery. One after another he took them up, turned them upside down, shook out the people into the park on one side, then threw the cars over into an excavation on the other side where they were starting a building—one after another. There was an uproar; the amazed policemen stopped the traffic, and soon the block was clear. But the whole street seemed petrified and aghast at the mountainous man.

And then, as if at the snap of your finger, he was gone. I saw his diminutive figure slip through the crowd on the other side of the street. We came out of our trance of powerlessness. The waves of noise gradually returned; the streams of traffic started up. The moment of omnipotent hate was over.

John S. Phillips.

BETH: Does your husband confide his business troubles to you?

RUTH: Yes, indeed. Every time I buy anything.



Storekeeper: COME ON! I CAN'T WAIT ALL DAY, WHAT DO YA WANT?

Skippy: NOTHIN'! I'M JUST LOOKIN' AROUND.

SKIPPY AND THE DING-A-LING CANDY STORE



THE SILENT DRAMA



The Greatest Common Divisor

ON returning from Europe, three weeks ago, Will H. Hays gave voice to the tremendous conviction that motion pictures are destined to promote greater understanding among the nations, and thereby prevent wars.

If this is true, then the contest for the Bok Peace Prize narrows down to a tussle between David Wark Griffith, William Fox, Cecil B. De Mille, Carl Laemmle and a few others. The \$100,000 trophy will join the pilgrimage of currency to the Mecca of all bank-rolls—i.e., Hollywood.

Mr. Hays also called attention to the fact that ninety per cent. of the world's supply of films is made in America. This means that we shall have to act as the clearing house for all the understanding; when Bolivia, for instance, desires to get on terms of easy familiarity with Finland, it will open the negotiations with the leading question, "Well, Finland, what's wrong with the movies?"

It looks very much as if Hollywood were destined to be the hope of the world.

LET us imagine, for the sake of argument and universal peace, that a perceptive student in a Finnish school is called upon to set down his impressions of America, where the films come from. His essay will follow this form:

"All America is divided into two parts: (1) the great evil city of New York, where vice runs rampant, where hopes are shattered and ideals crushed, where wolves are clad in hired dress suits, where innocence is submerged in the mighty whirlpool of sin; (2) the great open spaces, where men are men (nine times out of ten).

"The great city consists of slums, skyscrapers and palatial mansions. The slums are dirty and dark, and inhabited by criminals who smoke cigarettes, Chinamen who smoke opium, and blonde female orphans who deserve a better fate (they always achieve it in the end). The skyscrapers are very comical, because they are used as ladders by funny men with big, round spectacles.

"The palatial mansions in this foul place, New York, are made of glistening stucco and are situated on beautiful broad boulevards. Surrounding them are handsome lawns, gardens and groves of eucalyptus trees. The people who live in these mansions are a bad lot: shallow, hypocritical, immoral, unscrupulous and rich. They sleep in marble beds with patent-leather sheets and their bath-rooms look like glorified soda fountains. Whenever they have dinner, they invite 238 guests—all of whom become intoxicated with the exception of one, a young district attorney, who is disgusted at the mockery of it all. Underclad dancing girls arise from the guests' dessert plates and excite the men of the party until they are no better than beasts. Then all

the guests put on paper caps, throw confetti at one another and eventually fall into a swimming pool.

"It is all very revolting."

"CONTRASTED with this are the great open spaces. Here one finds nothing but virtue. The men are big, true-hearted, two-fisted, God-fearing he-fellows, and the girls, pure, noble and unsullied. They are all white, clean through.

"In the interests of drama, these estimable characters must have some one to contend with, so barbarous Mexicans, uncivilized Indians, mean sheriffs and cads from the city are supplied as targets for the bullets of virtue. All these villains are killed in the long run—and a good job it is, too.

"There are also, in the great open spaces, a large number of old mothers whose boys have wandered away from home. These mothers weep bitterly over mortgages which are due at 6 P. M. on that very day, and they place lamps in windows to guide their errant sons homeward through the night.

"This, too, is pretty revolting."

"THE flora of America is distinctly tropical, and the fauna highly talented. Indeed, there is no dog, cat, monkey, goose, lion or horse in the country which can not perform any number of astounding tricks; the same applies, although in a lesser degree, to the human inhabitants.

"These men and women have faces as white as the peaks of the Sierras (which are gilded by the dawn every A. M.); they are given to intense emotions, all of which are indicated by a terrific heaving of the chest, and they speak in a language which is apparently derived distantly from the English.

"In America, big things are done in a big way. The people love and hate with equal fervor; if they are not a hundred per cent. virtuous, they are a hundred per cent. bad. There is nothing half-way about them.

"Many of the citizens are cross-eyed, and have absolutely no respect for the majesty of the law. I should hate to be a policeman in America."

IT will be seen, from this exposition, that Finland knows all about America; by the same token, so does Bolivia. When these two nations have any little difficulties, they can just get together under the chaperonage of Will H. Hays and compare notes in an amiable, brotherly way.

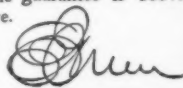
Thus, strife between Finland and Bolivia would be averted—but one could scarcely blame them if they decided to collaborate and declare war on the United States.

Robert E. Sherwood.

The Management Says So

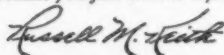
E. C. Green, Manager
Hotel Statler, Buffalo.

Any guest of this hotel who does not get the service Mr. Statler has promised him has only to come to me, or to one of my assistants, and he will find the guarantee is 100% effective.



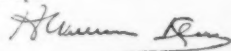

Russell M. Keith, Manager
Hotel Statler, Cleveland.

For the management and for every employee of Hotel Statler, Cleveland, I am glad to subscribe to the "Guarantee of Statler Service", and to promise you just what it says.



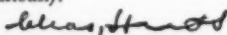

H. Wm. Klare, Manager
Hotel Statler, Detroit.

In Detroit we heartily endorse the Statler Guarantee, in both letter and spirit, and you will find us always ready to back it up.



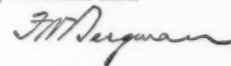

Chas. Heiss, Manager
Hotel Statler, St. Louis.

Patrons of this house are invited—and urged—to bring to the management any dissatisfaction they find in our service; and they will also find that we take the Guarantee seriously.




F. W. Bergman

Hotel Pennsylvania, New York. As assistant to Mr. Statler in Hotel Pennsylvania, I am glad to repeat and emphasize this hotel's full acceptance of, and belief in, the Statler Guarantee, and to pledge its full performance here.




In each of the Statler-operated hotels the local manager and his assistant managers work under these

Instructions to Managers and Assistant Managers:

"Your biggest responsibility is to see that our policies are carried out and our promises to the public are kept.

"Most of your contact with guests will be with those who want something of you. You must always do everything you can to make their way smooth and pleasant.

"If his trunk hasn't come, or his ice-water doesn't flow; if he doesn't like his room, or has trouble at the mail desk—

"Whatever the reason for his seeking you, you are to take hold interestedly and give him the quickest satisfaction possible.

"In all your contact with guests (and, don't forget, with your associates, too), remember that the unforgivable sin, from our standpoint, is discourtesy. A close second is lack of interest; whether a guest comes to you with a complaint or a request, he *must always* be greeted and listened to and *helped* with the graciousness and courtesy that are the spirit of our policies.

"The very basis of these policies, and your guide in all matters which cannot be made the subject of specific instructions, is the golden rule. Be always sure that you are treating the other fellow, whether he be one of your guests or one of your helpers, as you would have him treat you if conditions were reversed. We not only promise that sort of treatment; *we guarantee it.*

"You are the men at the top in your houses, you managers and assistant managers. But you have no special rights or privileges over any other employee of the company in the literal carrying-out of these instructions from The Statler Service Codes: 'No employee is allowed the privilege of arguing any point with a guest; he must adjust the matter at once to the guest's satisfaction, or call upon his superior to do so.'"

It is by the loyal cooperation of these managers, by their belief in the rightness of these policies, by their untiring efforts to give better and better service through their employees, that this company can give you the below.

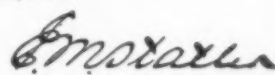
Guarantee of Statler Service:

We guarantee that our employees will handle *all* transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guests as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy the guest whom he is serving; and that if he can't satisfy him he will immediately take him to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the

transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to me a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.
BOSTON: Now preparing to build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

STATLER

and Statler-operated

HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

The Hirelings

Conversation between husbands when wages for wives takes effect:

"What do you pay your wife?"

"A hundred dollars a month, but you've no idea how hard it is to keep a good one."—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

Polite Prominence

"Did you go to Paris for your divorce to avoid public attention?"

"Not at all. I wanted it to get into the papers with the distinction of being foreign news."—*Washington Star*.

ABOUT an hour after we meek inherit the earth, the collector will be around for the inheritance tax.

—*New York World*.

"SHE still stays young."

"Yes, it's an old habit of hers."

—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.



DISTRACTION

"MAMA, I SWALLOWED MY NEEDLE."
"NEVER MIND, DEAR, I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER."

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

"I AM grown up. What must little children suffer?" says Dr. Frank Crane. Fortunately they cannot all read.

—*Punch*.

Stellar Habits

There are actors who are prone to take the best of every scene unto themselves. One who has a naughty reputation in this respect has left the comedienne now playing opposite him so shorn of opportunities to amuse the audience that one night she was overheard muttering bitterly:

"It's lucky he's not a ventriloquist. He'd never give the dummy the answers."—*New York Herald*.

Not Dead but Written

The art of conversation is dead, writes a contemporary, misunderstanding, we think, what has actually happened. Most writing to-day is good conversation. What used to be considered good talk is no longer found except in print, and what used to be considered good writing is gone altogether.—*Chicago News*.

Speed

"Sam, I'll give you a pint of Scotch if you'll hurry over to my house and get my grip. Hurry, now!... What! Haven't you gone yet?"

"Gone? Boss, I's back!"

—*Nashville Tennessean*.

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Chocolates
Bon Bons
French Bonbonnières

Luncheon
Afternoon Tea



Madison Avenue
at 47th Street
Phone Vanderbilt 6933

MENS
LUNCHEON SERVICE
47th St. Entrance

Fifth Avenue
at 35th Street
Phone Fitzroy 3232

Madison Avenue Store



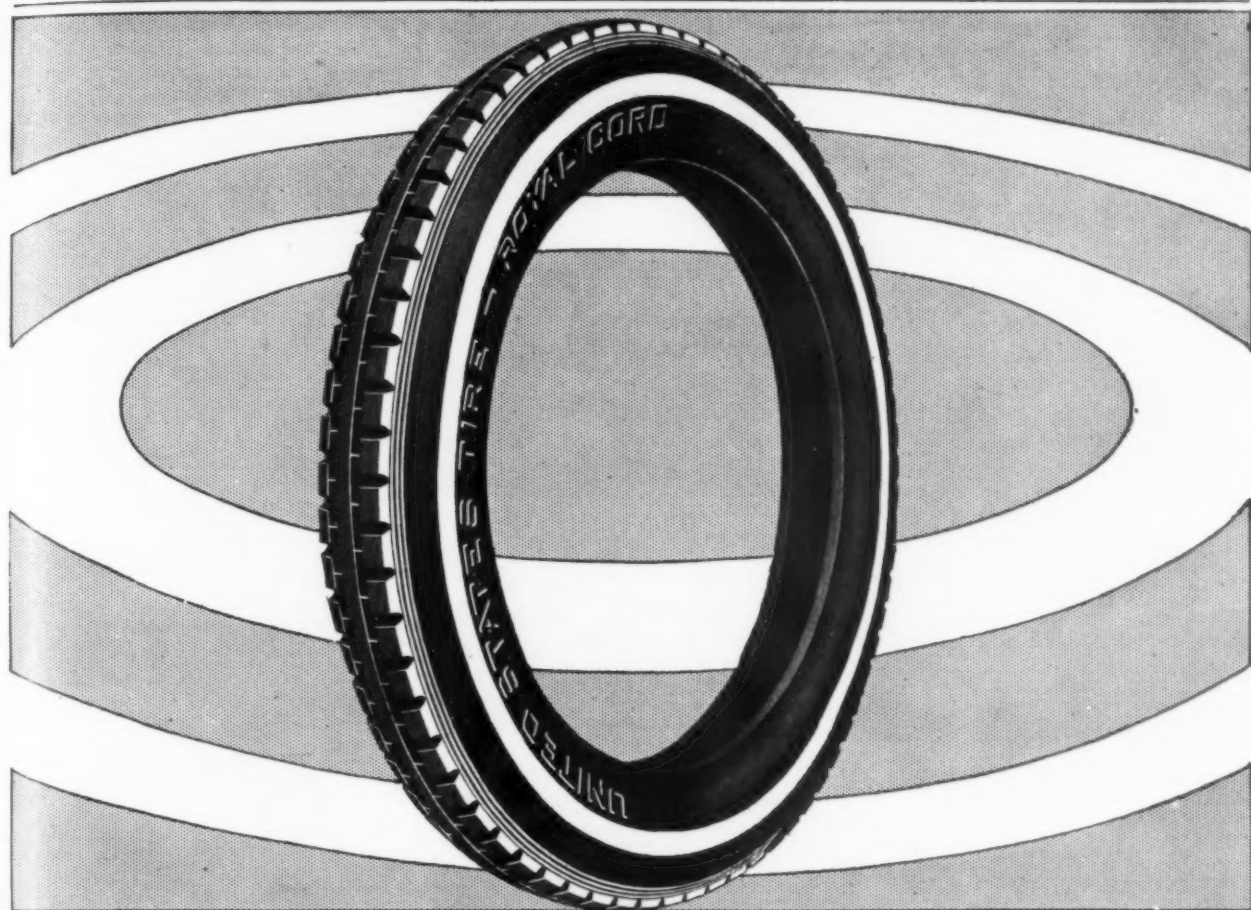
THE children's hour. That delightful time "between the dark and the daylight," just meant for stories and games and a bedtime romp. And a little taste of candy, of course.

U-All-No After Dinner Mints are just the thing for youngsters at such a time—far better for them than heavy sweets. Keep these delicate creamy mints on hand for the children. The delicious flavor lasts because they are packed in airtight tin containers.

Two sizes—ten and twenty-five cents. If your dealer hasn't them, send to us direct. Address Dept. G, Manufacturing Co. of America, Philadelphia, U. S. A.



•U-ALL-NO•
•AFTER DINNER MINT•



Let your Dealer prove to you that now is the time for Royal Cords all around

MOST men expect a certain amount of tire trouble in winter driving.

But go to your Royal Cord Dealer and let him show you how the three new U. S. Discoveries have *changed all that*.

Web Cord has no cross tie-threads. So a Royal Cord tire flexes easily over the ruts and bumps of frozen roads.

The Flat Band Process of cord tire building ensures the equal resistance of each indi-

vidual cord. A Royal Cord Tire is an organic unit—and combats winter hardships as a unit.

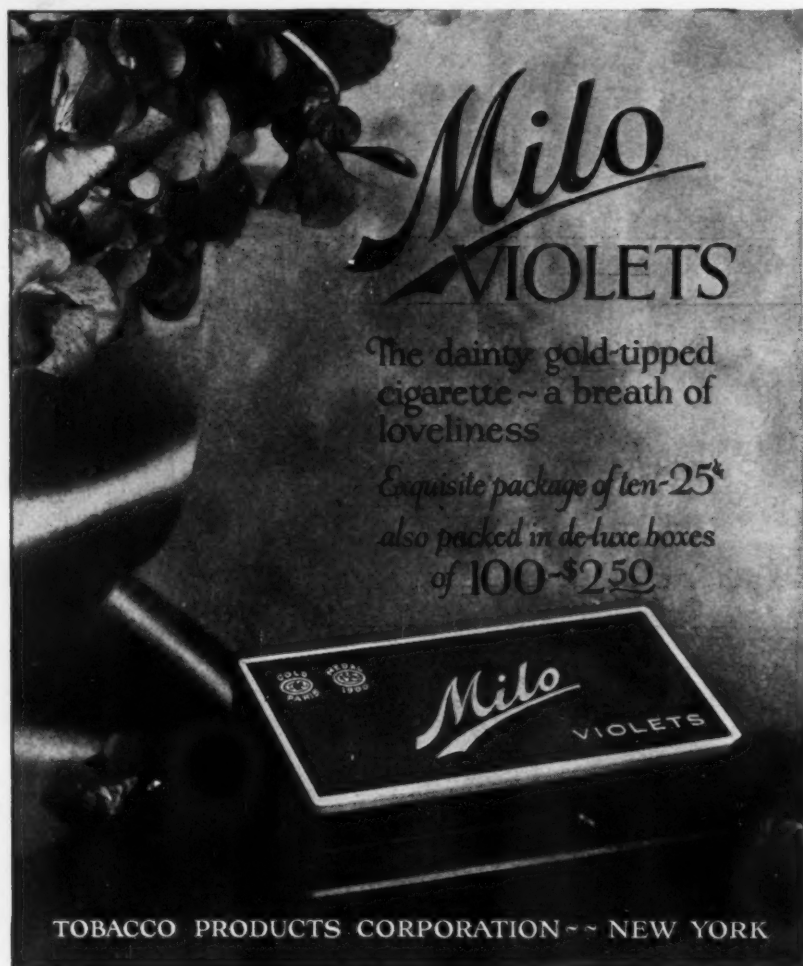
Sprayed Rubber is the first absolutely pure rubber. A Royal Cord maintains vitality against weather that ages ordinary rubber.

These are advantages that nobody can give you but the dealer in U. S. Royal Cords.

He can show you how it will be worth while to take off your old tires *now*, and put on Royal Cords *all around*.

**United States Tires
are Good Tires**

U. S. Royal Cord Tires
United States  Rubber Company

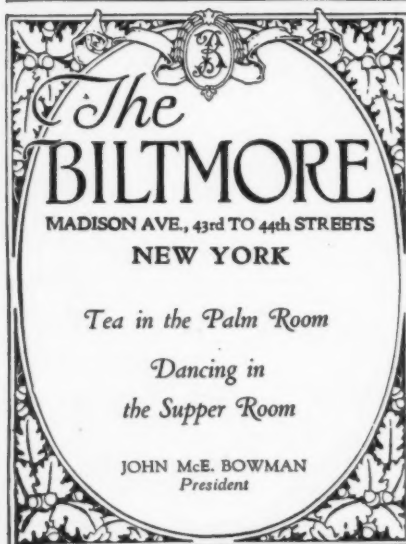


Milo
VIOLETS

The dainty gold-tipped
cigarette ~ a breath of
loveliness

Exquisite package of ten-25¢
also packed in de-luxe boxes
of 100-\$2.50

TOBACCO PRODUCTS CORPORATION ~ NEW YORK



The BILTMORE
MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Tea in the Palm Room
Dancing in
the Supper Room

JOHN McE. BOWMAN
President

Next week LIFE's Football Number will trot on the field amid the cheers of the spectators. Secret practice has been going on behind closed gates, and some startling plays will be pulled. Be in your seats when the whistle blows.

BOYS and GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY
Write for 50 sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for 10c a set. When sold, send us \$3 and keep \$2. Noubeker Bros., 31 E. 23rd St., Dept. 184, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



"No Peddlers"

The house-visiting parson in Australia sometimes gets unexpected rebuffs. A zealous curate doing the Alexandria (Sydney) rounds had his knock answered by a nipper of six or eight. "Mother is suited with a clergyman, thank you," she said, and shut the door.

—Bulletin (Sydney).

Tact in Time

KING ALFRED (entering a shop of the day): Ho, varlet! How are my candle clocks selling?

SHOPKEEPER: Oh, splendidly—splendidly, your Majesty. They're going like hot ca—er—that is to say, they're having an excellent sale, your Majesty.

—Weekly Telegraph (London).

"WHAT is this Almanac de Gotha? Any jokes in it?"

"Plenty, my boy."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"ENJOY your trip across the Atlantic?"
"No. I was sea-sick and couldn't drink a thing."—Toronto Telegram.

Didn't Want the Job

A teacher who was giving the children written exercises wrote out this "Wanted" advertisement:

"Wanted.—A Milliner. Apply by letter to Miss Smith, 10, Blank Street."

The children had to make applications for the position in writing.

One youngster wrote:

"Dear Miss Smith,—I saw you want a milliner. I hate to trim hats. Can't you get somebody else? Please let me know at once. Edith Brown."

—Tit-Bits (London).

Byways

"I love living in the country," said a man who owes a lot of money in the Broadway district. "I love to walk along the country roads. You know you can't owe money to a cow."

—New York Evening World.

"Don't you think that young man is nice, mama?"

"I do not, my dear. He looks too much like your father when he was a young man."—Le Rire (Paris).



TRADE MARK REG
U. S. PAT. OFF.

Time to Re-tire?
Buy

FISK

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

AVENUE



Avenue is built for tomorrow

STYLE may mean a clever squaring of design—an extra line of perforation at the tip—a new and rakish pattern—or it may mean building all that style into a shoe to look as smart, and fit your foot as well tomorrow as it does today.

BOSTONIANS are so built. Your eye is satisfied with the style of Avenue. Let your feet tell you the rest. There is a merchant in your town proud to fit you to Avenue.

BOSTONIANS

Shoes for Men

\$7 to  \$10

AVENUE, the shoe illustrated, may be had in rich tan or black calf; the price is \$9 to \$10, depending on your preference in color. Why not let us send you "Feet First," a booklet containing several likeable autumn and winter styles

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER CO., BOSTON AND WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

The Policeman

THE straight and narrow path is the only beat a policeman is never needed on.

* * *

They say clothes don't make the man—but did you ever meet a policeman without his uniform?

* * *

A policeman learns virtue doesn't pay when his beat includes an underworld district.

* * *

If you want a policeman you may never find him, but if you don't want him he's sure to be eying the package under your arm.

* * *

Policemen are like politicians—nobody knows what they would be if they weren't what they are.

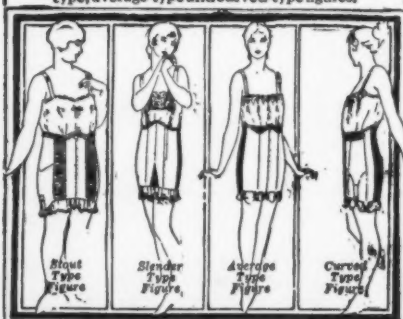


WRAP-
AROUND

THERE is no suggestion of "hips" with this Redfern Wrap-around, N/256, but its actual presence is unsuspected. Irreproachably smart in design (low-topped, snug and wrapped about the figure without lacings), it can also boast that unquestioned excellence of materials and workmanship that have always been associated with REDFERN.

Style N/256, illustrated, is for average-type figures \$5.00.

Send for booklet illustrating Redfern Wrap-arounds for stout-type, slender-type, average-type and curved-type figures.



Wrap-arounds are made only by the Warner Brothers Co., 347 Madison Ave., New York; 367 W. Adams St., Chicago; 28 Geary St., San Francisco

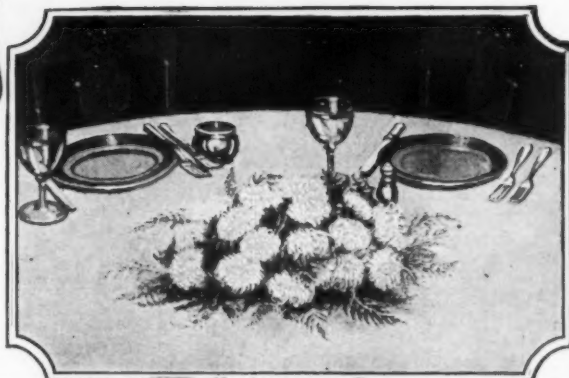


MAKE all seasons a time of Thanksgiving to those dear to you by sending frequent greetings in flowers. No earthly possessions are so valuable, so truly to be thankful for, as your *friendships*.

Hold them, keep them, bind them closer with those messages of love that flowers so surely carry for you.

Flowers may be delivered within a few hours to any address in the United States and Canada by means of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service. Ask your local Florist to tell you how it is done

"Say it with Flowers"



The Unknown Soldier

(Armistice Day, November 11, 1923)

If you came back from that strange, far-off place

Your spirit sought in wartime's yesterday,

What should we read upon your phantom face,

And, if you spoke, what are the words we'd hear?

Would there be chiding in the eyes of you,

And would you speak in sorrow and in shame

Because of this, that what we failed to do

Your comrades know and, knowing, fix the blame?

Have we been true to them who by your side

Were victors where you fell? No, we forget.

We bring you laurels, you who nobly died,

Blind to your buddies who are with us yet!

E. S. V. Z.

"Is your coal in yet?"

"No, it's slated for Saturday."

Shaving
irritation
~how to
prevent it

USE

Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. It has an exclusive medicinal property that soothes the sensitive skin—heals annoying little cuts—leaves your face smooth and cool. No need to use a lotion. Get a jar from your druggist today—50c. If he is not supplied, send us 50c with his name and address, for which we will mail you a jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream, and a tube of Ingram's Zedenta for the teeth, free. Or send 2c stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

38 Tenth Street,
Detroit, Mich.

Also
Windsor,
Ont.

There
is Comfort
In Every Jar



A STUFFY HEAD COLD
Apply in the nostrils
several times daily
healing, antiseptic
Mentholatum

Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

Some New Books

HUMOR seems to be going pretty well at the moment, in literature. The English translator of a monumental classic of humor remarked the other day that much of the success of an earlier edition of the work must be assigned to the appeal which it makes "to the increasing sense of humor which is to be found in England." It is, at least, a matter for readers with a fancy for humor to note that fairly recently two different translations of this historic book have been issued in England and imported to this country, rivaling each other in the care given to the handsomeness of their physical effect. The book, doubtless far from everybody knows, is one which it is not foolish to say is comparable with Rabelais and "Don Quixote." It is, as the title is presented in one of the versions, "Master Tyll Owlglass" (Dutton), in one volume, with somewhat Doré-esque illustrations. This version has been done from medieval German texts. The other, called "The Legend of Ulenspiegel" (Doubleday), in two volumes, is from the famous Flemish masterpiece of Charles de Coster. May the hardy-hearted publishers of these hazardous ventures not fail of some reward.


"Our chief living maker of bons-mots" is a title which in England has been conferred upon Philip Guedalla. Curious that it is so difficult to put your finger on the bons-mots in his "Masters and Men" (Putnam). Or on anything like electric ideas, either. In his book of miscellaneous review articles one may very cheerfully skip about. "The Triumph of the Nut" (Holt), by Christopher Ward, is a collection of literary parodies of American make which are capital things of their kind, full of good fun. Carl Sandburg has a new volume of "Rootabaga Stories"—"Rootabaga Pigeons" (Harcourt, Brace), which exhibits no end of a sense of the ridiculous.

R. C. H.

Next week—LIFE's great Football Number—On sale at all news-stands.

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY
and
CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous



Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dogs, heads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES

Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey



Your Hidden Beauty

Remove the film and see it

Millions have revealed a hidden beauty through a new way of teeth cleaning. They have gained a new charm in whiter teeth—often a supreme charm.

The method is at your command. The test is free. For beauty's sake and safety's sake, see what such teeth mean to you.

Teeth are coated

Teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods left much of that film intact. So beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. Tooth troubles became almost universal, for film is the cause of most.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Dentists alarmed

The increase in tooth troubles became alarming. So dental science searched for ways to fight that film. Two ways were found. One acts to

curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. It is now advised by leading dentists the world over. In some fifty nations careful people use it.

Five new effects

Pepsodent brings five results which old ways never brought. One is to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

One is to multiply the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids. Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Learn what this new way means to you and yours. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. You will be amazed and delighted, and will want those results to continue. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

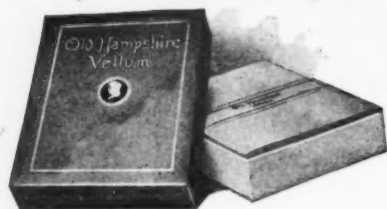
10-Day Tube Free 1148

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 423, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....
.....
Only one tube to a family.

Ask your stationer for it



Old Hampshire Vellum

"A Stationery of Distinction"

A substantial, rich-looking paper. In quire boxes (24 sheets and 24 envelopes); also, quarter reams (125 sheets) and 1/4 M envelopes (125 envelopes) in a variety of styles and sizes. Priced at \$1 the box and upward.

Sold wherever fine stationery is found. If your stationer cannot supply you, write for samples, select the stationery you desire, and we shall be glad to oblige you on receipt of remittance.

A usable packet of Specimen Sheets and Envelopes will be sent on receipt of 10c.

Old Hampshire Stationery

Its popularity proves its worth
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
Fine Stationery Department E
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Golf in the high Alleghanies—all the year round at—Virginia Hot Springs



The HOMESTEAD

Christian S. Andersen, Resident Mgr.
Hot Springs Virginia

Booklets and information on request

Broadcastings

(Continued from page 20)

the passengers, and arrest them *en bloc* for drunkenness. Occasionally a tourist attempts to assert his rights as a citizen. He is promptly blackjacked, since the Fourth and Fifth Amendments to the Constitution protect a citizen from being unlawfully searched and not from being unlawfully smelt. It reminds one of the cautious Scots constable who was testifying in the accident case.

"Was the plaintiff drunk?" he was asked.

"A-weel, I would na go so far as to say that," he replied.

"Well, did he smell of liquor?"

"Now you may think it verra foolish of me," the constable answered, "but I did na take a sniff."

* * *

WHAT became of the saturation point in the automobile industry, which was slated by the statisticians to have been reached more than three years ago? Nobody has such poor luck in the matter of prophecy as a statistician. He predicts with an air of finality that the available supply of petroleum is 2,648,389,000,000 barrels and will be exhausted by August 23, 2189, and inevitably on August 24, 2189, a new field is developed which another statistician estimates will yield several billion gallons more. There always comes a moment in the life of every statistical prophet when he snaps his fingers and exclaims, "Gosh! I never thought of that!"

* * *

A SAD commentary on popular education is the difficulty with which moving picture audiences read moving picture titles. It is estimated upon competent authority that one word of not more than ten letters cannot be read by the average audience in less than one second. Consequently it is not expedient to write a title of more than eighteen words, because eighteen seconds is a long period in the duration of a picture, and the audience will in the meantime have lost the thread of the story. Titles also are carefully edited to suit the limited vocabulary of the average audience.

Hence, when moving picture titles are eliminated altogether, which seems to be inevitable, the title writer will become either an author of juvenile fiction in words of not more than two syllables, or he may gain a livelihood at recasting news matter for its economical dispatch by telegraph. And it is for audiences such as these that the Stark Youngs of the country are struggling to improve pictures.

Coming next week—The Football Number of LIFE—On sale at all stands. Everybody up!

WYNDROP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK

ALL THE Big Foot Ball Teams ARE USING ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



The Antiseptic, Healing Powder to shake into the shoes for corns, bunions, calluses, blisters and sore spots. It takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives instant relief to tired, aching, swollen feet.

Shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes before going into the game or on the links and notice the difference in your comfort. You can't play your best at Foot-Ball, Golf or Tennis when your feet hurt. Allen's Foot-Ease stops the hurt.

The government supplied 1,500,000 lbs. of Powder for the Feet to the troops during the war. In a Pinch use Allen's

Foot-Ease. At dealers everywhere.

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



"There is something fine about it"

\$3.50 and up at the better smoke shops

WM. DEMUTH & Co. NEW YORK

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



Time Out!

for the

FOOTBALL NUMBER

of

Life

Game starts promptly on November 15th, at your favorite news stadium. ¶ Just to give you a sideline on what to watch for, here's the Varsity squad—all of whom have won their "L"—as announced at a late hour last night:

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Capt.
 R. C. Benchley R. E. Sherwood H. W. Hanemann Ellison Hoover
 John Held, Jr. Rea Irvin P. L. Crosby A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.
 Gluyas Williams P. M. Hollister Charles Forbell

Co-Eds: Dorothy Parker, Baird Leonard, Alice Harvey

HEAD COACH: Louis Evan Shipman

ASSISTANT COACHES: "Ollie" Herford, "Frank" Casey

THIS red-blooded one-hundred-percent All-American team is now holding daily practice on our grin-iron, and as their individual abilities to knock gloom for a goal are well known, it is safe to say that, taken as a coöperative whole, their scream-work will be all that can be desired. ¶ Don't get caught

offside when the whistle blows for the first quarter. (Except that it won't be a quarter; like all good players, we charge low.) Rush to the line-up at your news dealer's right away and drop him 15c, so that he may legally pass you a copy when it comes on the field. Surely the fairest of fair catches.

FOOTBALL is the only thing left in the country with a KICK in it!

*Obey
That Impulse!*

P. S. Oh yes, and do you know about our Special
Subscription offer as well? →

HEAD COACH, LIFE
598 Madison Avenue, New York City

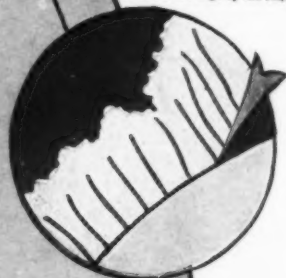
DEAR MR. COACH:—I expect to see your Football Number, and I am sure it will be so good that I'd like to see at least 20 other issues, for which I enclose at least \$2. (\$2.40 in Canada, \$2.80 in Europe.)

104

One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)



This diagrammatic magnified cross-section shows how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair. The oily coating upon the hair is quickly emulsified by the lather. This permits the moisture carried in the lather to soften the hair at the base, where it meets the edge of the razor.



IN spite of appearances, the parents of Topsy Doolittle probably thought that he was worth raising.

When famous football stars, who now are obscure bank presidents, insurance brokers, or associate justices, crouched for action and hissed defiance through their whiskers, hardened men lost control of their emotions, and sensitive women closed their eyes, afraid to gaze upon the "brutal scene."

In those days reporters could say truthfully that the boys who defended the honor of alma mater bristled with determination, for the most conspicuous thing about old-fashioned football was hair.

Players who risked their collar-bones upon the soggy field went unshaved and unshorn, not because they expected hair to give them strength, but owing to their need of shock-absorbing equipment.

Unfortunately, however, the shaggy growths which were intended to afford protection accentuated the horrors of gridiron conflicts. A clash between two college teams had the surface appearance of a rumpus involving delegations from the House of David and some Russian Soviet.

Deans who saw handfuls of whiskers plucked from the faces of elusive quarterbacks forgot their dignity, and fair maidens fainted when they gazed upon the blood-soaked beards of heroes with whom they had plighted their troth.

But all that is past forever. Padded headgear makes it unnecessary for men who play football to try to match the hairy thatches of foreign fiddlers, and Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream has made shaving so easy that whiskers have become as scarce upon athletic fields as monocles in Montana.

COLGATE'S Rapid-Shave Cream

softens the beard *at the base*—
where the razor's work is done.

You will get the fullest measure of shaving comfort when you lather with Colgate's.

It is more effective than you have thought *anything* could be for softening the beard—and it leaves the face cool, soothed and refreshed after shaving.

Fill out and mail the attached coupon for a free trial tube containing cream enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 23
199 Fulton St.
New York

Please send me the free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better, easier shaving.

Name _____

Address _____

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture